

# RED TASSELS FOR HUKI *in PERU*

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ANNA ANDREWS BARRIS  
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IRIS BEATTY JOHNSON





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# RED TASSELS FOR HUKI







*They made tassels and hung three long ones in both  
of Huki's ears*

# RED TASSELS FOR HUKI

*IN PERU*

*By*

ANNA ANDREWS BARRIS



*Pictured by*

IRIS BEATTY JOHNSON

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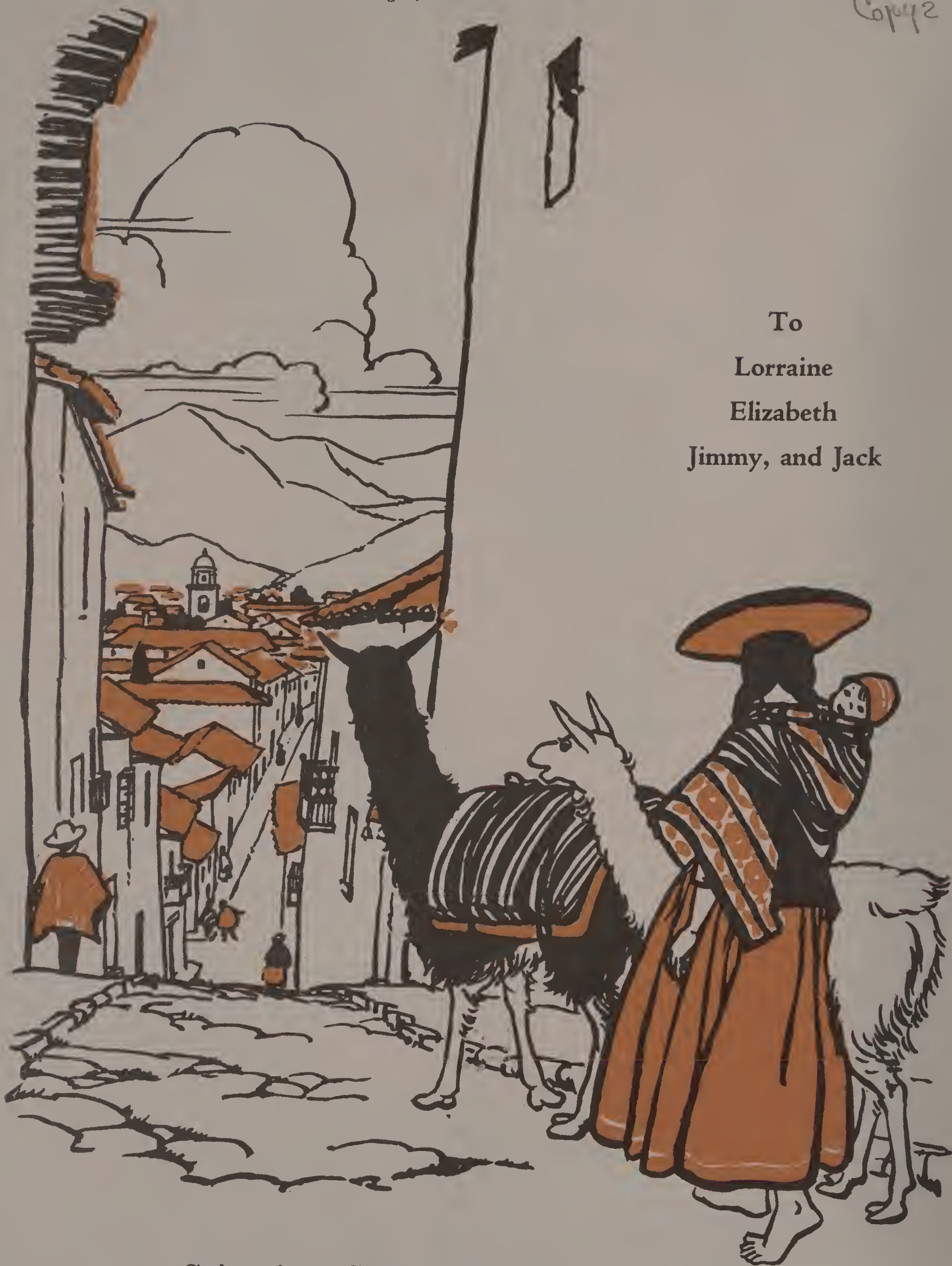
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To  
Lorraine  
Elizabeth  
Jimmy, and Jack



*Going into Cuzco down a narrow street*





## Chapter I ON THE TRAIL

**H**IGH up in the mountains of Peru lived a little white llama named Huki. He was a little four-year-old llama who had made up his mind that never, never would he grow up. One cold, sunny morning when the mountain peaks were still rosy with the sunrise his Quichua Indian master, Huambra, began loading great bags of fleece on the backs of the male llamas.

He tied them on with stout ropes of wool. Huambra and his Indian helpers were taking the fleece forty miles down the mountains to the market at the city of Cuzco. Here it would be sold and woven into blankets, rugs, and clothing.

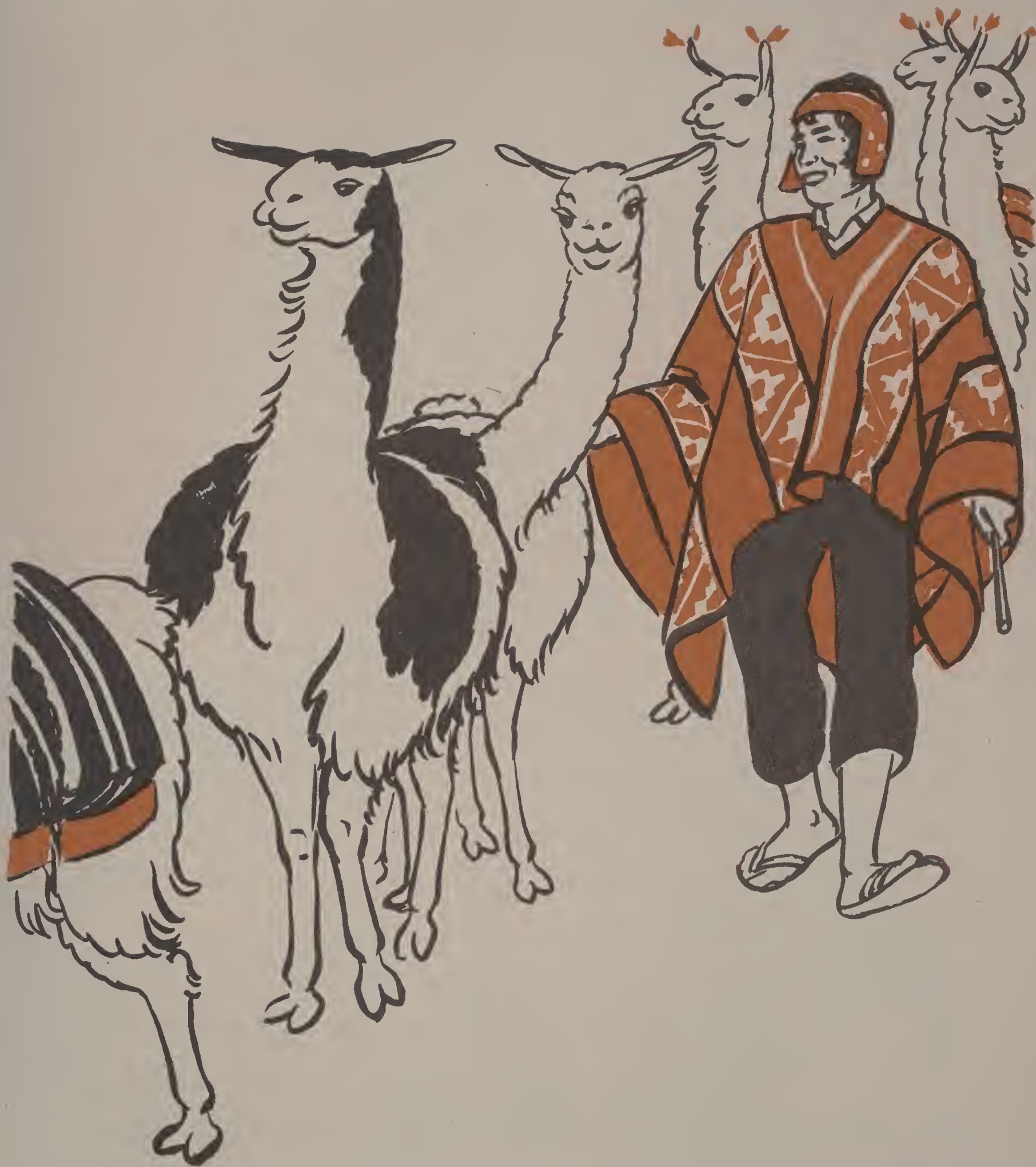
Much had happened in the last few days. Yesterday, Huambra had taken a sharp knife and had pierced the ears of every male llama that was four years old. Though this hurt very much, Huki did not grunt, as Chupi and Tico and some of the others had done.

Yesterday had also been shearing time. The male llamas are never sheared. They are used as pack animals, so they must have their wool for a pad on their backs.

But once a year the female llamas are sheared. So after piercing the ears of his four-year-olds, Huambra and his helpers had driven Huki's mother and the other females, into a clean corral. With long knives the men cut off all the nice, silky wool, except a tuft under each llama's chin. This was left on to make them look pretty. But it really made the llamas look like funny old men with beards.

When everything was ready, Huki and his nineteen companions were hustled out of their corral and were started slowly down the Cuzco trail. They were joining the pack train of dark-eyed llamas with red tassels in their ears.





*Huki and his companions were started slowly down  
the Cuzco trail*

The clear, frosty air made Huki feel very happy and frisky. But the other young llamas were walking along very sedately. They were not jumping and kicking up their heels the way he was doing. He knew why. It was because they were with the pack animals and were pretending to be quite grown up.

It was all Huki could do not to put down his head and give that fat Chupi a good hard butt. Huambra, his Indian master, was laughing at his antics. But Huambra might not laugh if he butted Chupi. His master loved him, as he loved all his llamas. He had never spoken a cross word to Huki. But Huki remembered how he had seen Huambra shake his stick and shout angrily at another young llama. So he did not step out of line.

For a while Huki's little hoofs came down on the frozen ground as primly as those of his young companions. But soon he was frisking again. He would run out from the trail, bite off a tuft of coarse *ychu* grass which is the chief food of all llamas, then kick up his heels and come racing back to the line.

In the pack train Huki liked to hear the plop, plop of the llamas' hoofs and the tinkle of the two shiny bells on the neck of Chicopo, the large brown llama leading the pack animals. The Indian drivers were shouting, "Vamos!





*He would run out from the trail and bite off a tuft  
of coarse ychu grass*

Vamos!” as they whirled their long ropes. A little brown baby peeked out of the red, hood-like blanket on his mother’s back and laughed and gurgled joyfully. Men and women were chatting and laughing. Huambra had taken out his *quena*, a reed flute, and was playing sweet music. Huki was having such a glorious time that everyone with the pack train laughed and laughed at the comical way he frisked and carried on.

Later in the day he became quieter. He was worried, for he had never been anywhere before. Why did Huambra pierce his ears yesterday, and why was he going along with the other young llamas in Huambra’s care? Last year Huambra and the young llamas went to a llama-marking fiesta and when they returned, every llama had a red tassel in his ears and a pack on his back!

Well, they were going to a llama-marking fiesta again this year. Huki would not let them put tassels in his ears and a pack on his back. He did not want to grow up. He decided that he would run away. He would run so far that no one could ever find him. But it would be foolish to try to run away this minute. Huambra and his men would chase after him and bring him back to the pack train. He would wait until no one was looking.

He did not have a chance to run away until the next day,





when something very exciting happened. More Indians had come out on the broad trail with their pack animals and young llamas, until now there was a vast throng on its way to the market and to the great fiesta.

Every Indian was in his holiday clothes. Huambra and the other men had new red, yellow, or green *ponchos*, or blankets, around their shoulders. Under their straw hats were gay, knitted wool caps with long earflaps. The women walked proudly along in their pancake hats, their very full skirts, their woolen waists and their bright shawls. Many carried babies on their backs. The babies were snuggled in hood-like blankets.



Twice the pack train stopped to rest. While the llamas were grazing on the coarse *ychu* grass, which is so plentiful in the highlands of Peru, the Indian women stuffed potatoes with goat cheese and boiled them over an open fire.

That night they slept on the side of the mountain, the llamas arranging themselves as always in a large circle, facing outward.

The next day they climbed higher and higher, until in the afternoon, they were over the divide. Down below them was the city of Cuzco. It was a city of light blue, pink, and white stone houses with red tiled roofs, parks and a great cathedral.





Huki stared and stared. He had seen only low mud huts before. These were always in small villages. Huambra and the other Indians raised their right hands and gave the city a salute. This city was once the capital of their ancient Inca Empire and the Quichua Indians still thought of it as sacred.

Down the mountain they went, passing the ruins of palaces and temples, the Temple of the Sun, where long ago, in its beautiful garden were trees and animals of gold. Then they came to the rebuilt part of the city, going through the plaza in front of the cathedral and down a narrow street.

An old Indian, wearing a torn red *poncho* and carrying on his back a very large bag of fleece, called, "Huambra! Huambra! The saints will bless you if you take my bag to the market. I am sick, Huambra. The saints will bless you if you take my bag!"

Huambra, feeling very sorry for his old friend, said, "*Si, si*—yes, yes. I'll take it, Poopo. Sejama here does not have a heavy load. He will carry it for you."

"*Gracias! Gracias!*—Thank you! Thank you!" Poopo's quavering voice thanked him, as Huambra lifted the bag and laid it across the one already on Sejama's back. Sejama promptly sat down and spat. Huambra hustled the bag off at once. Sejama sat there with his nose in the air. A llama will carry so many pounds. If more is put on, he acts just the way Sejama was acting.

"Get up, Sejama! You are lying across the street, the people cannot pass! See, the bag is off. Get up, please! Please!"





Huambra was very much excited, for a man in an automobile was honking his horn and shouting angrily, "Get that llama out of the way! How can I get by with that animal blocking the street! Hurry! Be quick about it!"

Sejama's nose went a bit higher. He did not move.

A street car, pulled by two mules, was now behind the automobile. The driver climbed down and joined the crowd about Sejama.

"Lift him out of the way! We are in a hurry, hear me? Push the llama out of the way so we can get by!" he demanded, his black eyes flashing.



Huambra was almost in tears. "The llama will not go. He is very angry. I cannot push him off, *Señor*. He is too heavy." The old Indian knelt down, put his arms around Sejama's neck and pleaded, "Be nice and get up. Huambra will not do it again. Do not be cross. Be a good llama and stand up. No? Tunca is playing his flute for you. Hear it? It is pretty music. Be a nice llama and stand up."

Even though they had taken off the extra bag, Sejama was so angry because they had dared put it on, he sat there





*"Be nice and get up. Huambra will not do it again."*



not looking at them, his nose twitching with indignation.

For ten minutes Sejama sat quite still, with the automobile horns honking, the street car bells jangling, men shouting to Huambra to get his llama out of the way, Huambra pleading and the flute playing. Many people were laughing.

Huki had never been with the pack train before, so it was the first time he had ever seen anything like this. He was having a fine time, when suddenly he began thinking of the llama-marking. What would they do to him when they arrived at the llama-marking field? He would not let them put tassels in his ears and a pack on his back. Fat Chupi and the other young llamas would not mind. They wanted to grow up. But not Huki. He had been watching for a chance to run away. Perhaps he could do it now.

Sejama was at last getting to his feet. A great shout went up from the crowd. Majestically the llama rose, then walked slowly over to the pack train.

The crowd was watching Sejama, so no one saw Huki slip around the corner of the street and run as fast as his long legs could carry him.







## Chapter II

### HUKI ESCAPES

Huki kept glancing back. An old Indian, whom he did not know, thought he was running away and started after him.

The little llama raced around another corner, ran through a stone archway and found himself in a lovely patio.

He stood there panting and looking about him. There was a fountain, and there were trees and flowers. Best of all, three young girls and two boys were playing nearby.

“Oh, Felica, look! Look who has come to your party!” A little girl in a pink silk dress came running toward him.

Felica, who had brown curls, came running too. Her other guests followed her. They were all so surprised and happy that this strange little llama had come to visit them that soon they were all patting and hugging Huki.

“Mother! Mother!” Felica called. “Please come and see our little guest. Hurry, Mother! Hurry!”

A very beautiful woman came out on the broad corridor which surrounded the patio. “A little white llama. How very nice. Where did he come from, dear?”

Before Felica could reply, Carlos Gonzales explained excitedly, “We do not know, *Señora*. He is frightened. Perhaps his master beat him and he ran away.”

“May I keep him, Mother? May I? Please, Mother?” Felica asked eagerly. “We must not let his cruel master have him. Give him to me for a birthday gift? Please, Mother?”

*Señora* Castillo came down the lily- and fuchsia-bordered path to the little group. “My dear, we must not keep what does not belong to us. Play with him this after-





*He stood there panting and looking about him*

noon, if you like. When your father returns, he shall find the owner. Who knows, we may be able to buy him!”

Felica clapped her hands and jumped up and down. “Oh, *gracias*, Mother! I love you much for saying that. Rosetta, Elana, Carlos, José, we will play with him now. Come on!”

“I’ll shut the big gate, so his cruel master cannot look in here and see him,” José said, closing the gate with a bang, and fastening it with a wooden bolt.

The mention of his cruel master made them all love and love Huki again. And Huki, who had never been beaten in all his life, liked the petting so much that he put down his head and tried to appear very forlorn and sad. If they knew he had run away from a very kind master, they might shoo him out of there as quick as scat. This was a fine place. He wanted to stay here forever.

“I think the little llama would like to see us dance,” Rosetta said. “Let us sing and dance the Jungle Fair. Shall we?”

“Oh, yes, yes,” Felica said gaily. “Come on, you little white llama. I’ll take you over to the rose arbor and we shall dance and sing for you.”

Huki stood under the arbor looking and looking. He





*He tried to look very forlorn and sad*

had never seen such a beautiful place as this garden. And he had never seen such beautiful children. All the girls and boys that he knew were Indians. The Indian children dressed like their mothers and fathers. The girls wore pancake hats, long, full skirts, and *mantas* or cloaks. The boys wore heavy trousers, coats, and ponchos. These little girls had on pink and white silk dresses, dainty socks and slippers, and flowers were twined in their long curls. The boys wore knee pants, white collars and very shiny shoes.

They had formed a circle and were holding hands. As they danced, they sang:

“Come to the jungle fair-o,  
All the world is there-o!  
See every one arrives on a run  
The frolic and fun to share-o.  
Nor is a band denied them  
Birdies with beasts beside them.  
Sly Master Fox, with tapping and knocks,  
Conducts from a box to guide them.

Gaily the *jaguarro*,  
Thrums on his light guitar-o,  
Clear through the air, it sounds everywhere,  
To banish all care and sorrow.  
Gay little birds are humming,  
Monkeys their banjos strumming,  
Viols and lutes and shrill piping flutes  
And wild jungle beasts a-drumming.”





*Huki stood under the arbor looking and looking*

They danced and danced, played another game, then a maid brought refreshments. They had ice cream and little cakes and fruit punch.

The little llama must have something too. Felica said to the maid, "Manuela, please bring a gourd of *chichi*—fruit punch."

"No, no, *Señorita*," Manuela said. "It will make the little llama very sick. Llamas do not drink *chichi*."

"It can't make him ill, Manuela. It is so very good," Felica insisted. "Mother has gone. But she won't mind. Please Manuela, do as I say."

So Manuela did, grumbling as she brought it.

Huki was thirsty. He drank all of the punch very fast. Felica and the other children begged Manuela to bring more. Huki drank three large gourds of the *chichi*. Then he lay down under the arbor and felt very happy and peaceful and safe.

But he did not feel happy very long. His stomach began to pain him. Felica and her guests were playing again, so they did not notice the llama.

"Here is Father!" Felica cried. "Come and see our little guest. I want him for a birthday gift, Father. May I have him? May I?"





*He drank all of the juice very fast*

Holding his hand, Felica hurried him over to Huki.

Huki tried to struggle to his feet to show the *Señor* what a lively, pretty llama he was. But he could not get even half-way up. He lay down again, grunting like everything.

“So this is your unexpected guest, Felica,” *Señor* Castillo went on in a troubled voice. “He is ill, very ill. What has happened to him?”

There was silence for a moment. Then Felica said in a low voice, “Perhaps it was the *chichi* I gave him to drink.”

“*Chichi!*” Her father laughed. “Of course, that is what has made him ill. He has the stomach ache. Poor little llama. Your birthday party was too much for him, Felica. But he will be all right in the morning.”

Huki was well long before morning. All night he lay in the moonlit patio, listening to the sound of the water in the fountain and smelling the fragrance of roses and lilies and fuchsias. This was a very beautiful place and the little girl and her parents were as kind as they could be.

But Huki did not wish to stay. It was not exciting enough for him. As soon as he found that gate open, he would skip out. Adventure and fun, that’s what he wanted. He trotted over to the big gate and lay down, waiting for a chance to make his escape.





*"Chichi! Of course, that is what has made him ill"*



### Chapter III

## A TERRIFIC FIGHT

At six o'clock the next morning, old Pedro came shuffling down the driveway and opened the iron gate to let in Maria, the cook. Like a flash, Huki went by her, nearly knocking the poor fat woman over.

"*Caramba*—Mercy! He's running away!" Pedro shouted, hurrying out on the sidewalk. He was just in time to see Huki's little bobtail disappear around the corner. "What will little missy say!" Pedro wailed. "What will little missy say!"





*"Caramba — Mercy! He's running away!" Pedro shouted*

Maria was standing there breathing hard. "I say too—*Caramba!* He knocked the wind out of me. Let him go."

Down the street Huki went, kicking up his heels, because he was so happy to be out of the patio. No more going through gateways for him. He went through the market, where Indian men and women were already sitting on the ground with their frozen potatoes, woven blankets, and ponchos and other merchandise, arranged neatly on blankets before them. Then he headed for the mountains.

He did not happen to take the north road, the one he had followed down from the mountains. Instead he went southeast, following a narrow, little-used trail which went up a very wild and high mountain. Here he struck out into the forest, not stopping until he found himself in a wide ravine. He was now so far away he felt sure no one could find him.

Scrub pine and bushes and rocks and boulders do not make much of a forest. But to Huki it was a wonderful place, particularly so because all around him were steep cliffs. If there was anything Huki enjoyed, it was to climb. Like all llamas, he was so sure-footed that he could scamper over rocks like a goat.

For the first time in his life, he was alone. It was a glorious feeling. He could do anything he liked. Kicking up





*Then he headed for the mountains*

his heels, he started off through the woods to see what fun he could have.

A white rabbit scurried from under a bush. Huki promptly chased it. He would not hurt anything. But the rabbit did not know that and he raced along at top speed through the woods, with Huki after him. Again and again the smart old rabbit ran in wide circles, getting nearer and nearer to his place of safety. Then, perhaps laughing at Huki, he disappeared into a hole in the ground.

That was heaps of fun, thought Huki. Now what?

He trotted down to a little stream where he got a drink. Over to the right there was a movement in the bushes. Huki stood motionless watching the place. The bushes were shaking again. He was stepping very quietly toward them when a small dark animal hurried from one bush to another. Then it ran a little way down through the woods.

In high glee, Huki went after it. His legs flew over the ground. He stopped quite suddenly, nearly landing on his nose. For the animal was not running any more. It was standing in a clearing, waiting for him and watching him with its sharp, beady eyes.

It was black, about the size of a cat, was striped with white and had a bushy tail. A skunk! Huki knew what





*It was black, about the size of a cat. A skunk!*

would happen to him if he got too close to that animal. He backed away. Then he turned and scampered up the mountain, thankful that the skunk did not know enough to chase him.

All afternoon he played. When darkness came, he was not afraid. He loved this forest. It was a nice, friendly place. Certain that there were no wild animals about to hurt him, he lay down close to a pine tree and slept.

No wild animals in those woods to hurt him? The next morning, Huki found to his sorrow he was very much mistaken.

He had gone up the mountain to a place where there was much *ychu* grass and he was eating quietly, when his keen ears heard a noise.

He raised his head, listened, then glanced behind him. Creeping toward him was a mountain lion, the enemy of all llamas.

For a second, Huki was too frightened to move. Then he started to run. With great leaps, the lion was after him. Up the mountain Huki went, climbing higher and higher. The lion was close to him now. He sprang, but missed Huki by only a few inches.

Huki saw a ledge. If he could reach that he might be





*Creeping toward him was a mountain lion, the enemy  
of all llamas*

safe. Could he get there in time? He could hear the lion getting nearer and nearer. Just as he was about to spring, Huki scrambled up the steep cliff and was on his place of refuge.

The lion started up the path. It was too narrow for him. He could not make it. He went around to the other side, but the ledge ended abruptly. Well, if he could not climb up to the ledge, he would try to get the llama some other way. The lion was hungry. This little white llama would make a good meal.

Standing on his hind feet he attempted to reach Huki with his sharp claws. Huki's brown eyes were full of terror, as he hugged the wall. Straight above him was sheer rock, with a precipice on either side. There was no place for him to run. He would have to stay there where the lion was sure to get him.

Again, the lion tried to reach Huki with his claws. This time he caught Huki's right leg. Huki kicked, his little hoof giving the lion a sharp hit on his nose. Snarling, the beast stuck his claws deeper into Huki's leg. Again, Huki kicked. The lion held fast and gave a sharp pull. Huki slid off the ledge, landing on his side.

Snarling and growling, the lion pounced on him. Huki





*This time he caught Huki's right leg*

gave a pitiful little moan, as the lion bit flesh from his leg. They were so close to the edge of the precipice that with the little llama kicking and struggling, over they both went, landing in bushes far below.

For a long while, Huki lay there stunned. Then he began to remember what happened. He raised his head, his frightened, brown eyes searching for the lion. There he was, lying over there in the bushes!

Frantic with fear, Huki struggled to his feet and went limping down the trail.







#### Chapter IV

### MARCA AND CHUPI

The wound on Huki's leg was so painful that he could scarcely walk, and the fall had bruised every part of his body. He kept glancing back, expecting every minute to see the lion coming after him. He did not know what to do or where to go.

Around the bend of the trail appeared a young girl. She was a rosy-cheeked Quichua Indian girl, wearing a

pancake hat, a very full, bright red woolen skirt, a white blouse, and a gay, heavy shawl.

She was so astonished to see a strange llama in this out-of-the-way place that she stopped and stared for a minute. Then she ran toward him, saying in her Indian language, "You poor little *huahua*—little llama. What has happened to you? Chupi, quick!" she called. "A young llama is here, and he's hurt!"

"And here is a dead lion, Marca!" a boy's voice answered. "They have had a fight and have fallen off the cliff. Is the llama near dead?"

"No, but his leg is torn. Hurry, Chupi!"

Marca was loving and petting Huki when her brother came running up. "The lion has broken his neck, and the bushes saved the little llama. I'll look at his leg. Yes, this bite was made by the lion," he said, examining it. "I'll get coca leaves. They will take away the pain."

As Huki's perky ears had been pierced, Marca and Chupi knew that he was lost from a herd some one was taking down to the llama-marking. Their parents were down there with their animals. The children would keep Huki until they returned. They would know who had lost a young llama.





*"You poor little llama. What has happened to you?"*

Very gently Marca led Huki down the trail to their grass-thatched adobe hut. The boy crushed coca leaves, made a paste of them, then held them against Huki's sore leg. Meanwhile Marca bandaged it with a strip of white cloth.

Huki lay in the doorway of the hut and watched little Marca working inside. In a kettle which stood on legs over a fire, she was boiling meat, frozen potatoes and hominy. She was making *charito*, a stew Quichua Indians have every day.

When the *charito* was ready, Marca said, "The little white llama must come in and eat with us. Chupi, run out and get some *ychu* grass and a little corn."

"*Si, si*, he must eat with us," Chupi said earnestly. "We will take very good care of him until we find his master."

Chupi got food for Huki, then led him into the one-room hut.

"No, no, not so close to the fire, Chupi," Marca laughed. "Now lie down, little fellow."

Although Huki's leg was still paining him, he lay there very, very happy. The hut was not as lovely as the patio in Cuzco, for there were no roses, or other flowers. But, there were many things Huki had seen again and again in Huambra's hut, so it was like home to him.





*Huki lay in the doorway of the hut and watched  
little Marca working inside*





There was no furniture at all in the room. Around it was a broad shelf, about two feet from the floor. This shelf was used as a bunk to sleep on, as a table to eat on, and as a place for the family to sit and do their spinning and weaving. The walls were gay with red and black *mantas*, blankets, *ponchos*, skirts, and other garments woven from the wool of the llama. Dried pumpkins, squash, and corn hung from the ceiling. In one corner of the room was a pile of wool, and near by a weaving frame and spindle.





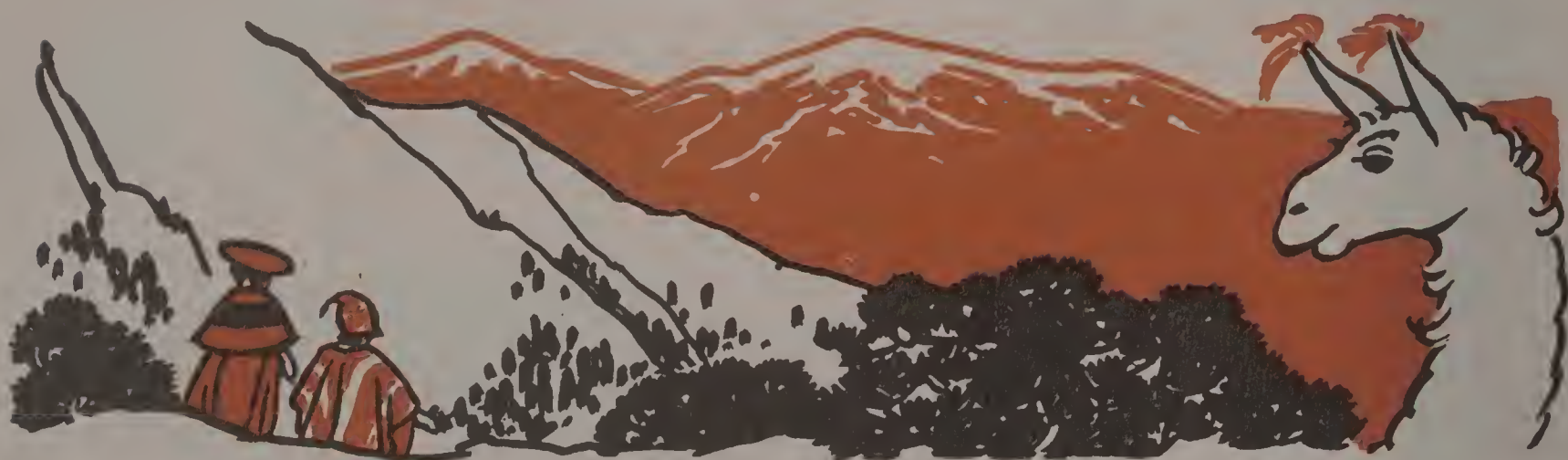
*The walls were gay with red and black blankets*

Part of the day Huki slept in the bright sunshine outside the hut. At night he was brought inside.

He was feeling so much better the next morning that the children began playing with him. He loved to be fussed over, so did not mind having them put tassels in his ears. They did not use their own color of blue. That would not be honest, for it would show that this little fellow belonged to them. They made tassels out of yellow and black and red yarn, and hung three long ones in both of Huki's ears.

Chupi then slipped a narrow leather strap through the handles of two shiny bells and fastened it around Huki's neck. The children then decorated the strap with bright wool flowers, until Huki looked as though he were wearing a garland of many blossoms.

Huki liked Marca and Chupi very much, but he was homesick for his master, Huambra. Huambra was somewhere down near Cuzco. Huki would search for him. So the next day when Marca and Chupi had gone to the spring to get a supply of water, the little lame llama left the Indian hut.







## Chapter V

### RED TASSELS FOR HUKI

When Huki reached the broad trail, he was fortunate enough to turn in the right direction, the way which would take him to Cuzco.

The trail wound up and over the mountain, until at last he was on the other side. Down in the valley below was the city of Cuzco, with its pink and blue and white stone houses, and in a field to the left were hundreds of

llamas and men and women. This was the llama-marking place.

Sejama was there, and Huambra and the helpers and Chupi, the leader, and the other llamas. As fast as his lame leg could carry him, Huki hurried down the steep path, skirted the city and made his way to the marking field.

A black-eyed, fat, jolly Indian noticed him first.

"Ho! Ho!" he laughed. "Look at the young llama coming! He is decorated with flowers, like a saint!"

A woman called, "He is lame, Piriu. Do not laugh. He is hurt. Whose llama is he?"

A crowd gathered round Huki, laughing and petting the little fellow. No one knew to whom he belonged. Huki stood quietly, his great brown eyes searching anxiously for Huambra. But no Huambra could he see. This was not the right place. Where should Huki look for him now?

"I'll find who owns him," Piriu was saying. Holding fast to Huki's collar, old Piriu went through the crowd, calling in a loud voice, "Who has lost a llama? Who has lost a llama?"

Huambra, who was busy marking one of his animals with a red tassel, turned to see what Piriu was shouting about. Then he saw Huki.





*"He is lame, Piriú. Do not laugh"*



“Where did you find him?” he called, running over to them. “Oh, Huki, we have hunted and hunted for you! Where did you come from? I’m so happy to see you!” He put his arms around Huki and hugged and hugged him. “My Huki is all decorated. Who dressed you so prettily? But what is wrong with your leg? Let me look at it. A lion bit you!” he said, as though he could scarcely believe his eyes. “A lion bit you, and you got away from him.”





*“Where did you find him?” he called, running over to them*

Piriu held up a tawny hair he had found on Huki's back.

"And here is a lion's hair!" he said, holding it high so all might see.

There was a great shout from the crowd. Huki had escaped from a lion. It was something no grown-up llama had ever done. Little white Huki had fought a lion and made his escape. Huki was a hero!

The crowd was about to start the famous llama-marking dance, the *huayno*. Piriu called, "We will dance around Huki. Huki got away from a lion. Beat your drums. Play your *quenas*—flutes! Let us dance now!"

Two Indians began beating their big drums, and the people not already there came running across the field.

Besides having on all their bright holiday clothes which they had worn down to Cuzco, the women were bedecked with gay bead necklaces, silver bangles on their arms and long earrings. The men were strutting in all their finery and were also wearing earrings and bangles.

Although mules are sometimes used as pack animals, llamas are the chief freight carriers across the Andes. The Indians love their llamas very, very much, and are grateful to these beautiful animals for all they have done and are doing for them. So after each llama-marking, they give





*"And here is a lion's hair!" he said, holding it high*



this dance in their honor. But the dance today was especially for Huki.

Soon flutes were playing and drums were beating. The men and women, waving red and yellow and green *mantas* and *ponchos*, were dancing around Huki, laughing and shouting, "Huki! Huki! He got away from *el lion*—the lion! He got away from *el lion*! Huki got away from *el lion*! Huki! Huki!"

Huki knew his name, and the word *el lion*, so guessed correctly that they were dancing around him because he had escaped from a lion. He was thinking how they would laugh if they knew he had kicked that old lion right smack on the nose. He stood very straight. He had kicked a lion on its nose. Wouldn't they laugh and wouldn't they be proud of him if they knew that.





*The men and women were dancing around Huki*

The music was becoming louder and louder. The men had thrown their *ponchos* about their shoulders and all had taken red and yellow slings from their pockets. As they danced, slings and *mantas* were held up by the dancers in couples, and were woven in and out, somewhat like ribbons at a Maypole dance.

Then the men whirled their slings and went through the motion of throwing stones. The women who represented the llamas, covered their heads in mock terror, dropped to their knees, spread their *mantas* on the ground and tearing off their necklaces, threw them on the square cloth. With cries of triumph, the men circled around, tossed their slings over the heads of the women, picked up the necklaces, and replaced them on their captives' necks. Then waving their gorgeous colored *ponchos*, they danced and danced, until they were so out of breath they could not dance any more.

Huambra put his arm about Huki. "You wait here. You stand here a few minutes, Huki. I'll not be gone long."

Huki saw him run across the field, then come hurrying back with a beautifully embroidered pad and a small bag.

Huki's heart sank. He had been so homesick to see Huambra, he had forgotten what they would do to him when he arrived at the llama-marking field.





*Huki saw him hurrying back with a beautifully embroidered  
pad and a small bag*

He stood very still when Huambra very carefully placed the pad across his back. Then he turned his head, his brown eyes watching his master.

Huambra was holding the bag in his arms and saying softly, "You will like it, Huki. See, it is not heavy. Be a good boy. Do not kick!"

Huki moved uneasily when he felt the weight upon him. Suddenly his head went up and he looked straight before him. He was thinking proudly, "Why, I'm a big fellow now! A big boy!"

Huambra laughed and patted him. "You do like it, my nice, little white llama. Good boy, you are. Very good boy. See what I am going to do now."

He pulled several pieces of red wool yarn from his pocket and soon Huki had his master's red tassels dangling beside the gay ones already in his perky ears.

With his pudgy fingers, old fat Piriu jiggled those in Huki's right ear. "Ho! Ho!" he laughed. "You are a funny-looking little llama. You are so funny you make me laugh!"

"He is not funny. He is a pretty llama." Huambra's black eyes twinkled. "And he is smart. He fought a lion. As soon as we have the fireworks, we will start for home. And Piriu, because Huki is a hero and has bells on, he shall lead the pack train to the top of the mountain."





*"You do like it, my nice little white llama"*



Piriu quit his fooling. "You are right, Huambra. Huki is not funny-looking. He is pretty. And he is the smartest llama I ever did see. He should lead the pack train. And I am glad he is decorated like a saint, for no other llama has ever fought a lion and lived. Look, the fireworks have started!"

The bang, bang of the fireworks made Huki jump at first, but soon he was enjoying the noise and excitement as much as the Indians.

At last everyone made ready to go home. When Huambra's long pack train left the field, he thought it was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Instead of only twenty-five llamas, there were now fifty, all with red tassels in their ears and packs on their backs, all walking single file. Huki was limping along with his gay tassels and garlands of flowers, gallantly leading the procession.

Huki was so happy that it was all he could do not to kick up his heels. "I must not do that," he was thinking. "I shall wait until I am home and the pack is off my back." But he was so full of joy he had to do something. So he shook and shook his head, making the two silver bells jingle and jingle.





*Huki was limping along, gallantly leading the procession*





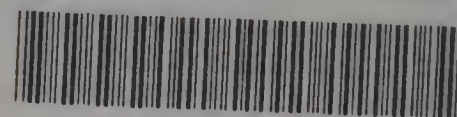








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